

Kentucky Gazette.

No. 25.

LEXINGTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1835.

Vol. 50

WHITESMITHING.

FREDERICK KLAIBER, lately from Germany, has the pleasure of informing the citizens of this city and county, that he has just commenced the above business, next to Mr. John Murray's Silver Plating Shop, and nearly opposite Kruse's Tavern; where he will be happy to attend to all calls in his line, viz: the repairing of
FIRE ARMS, DOOR LOCKS, &c.
N. B. The highest price will be given for old KEYS.
Lex. June 6, 1835—22-3m.
The Observer and Intelligence will insert the above 2 months.

STONE CUTTING.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEAD AND FOOT STONES AND DOOR SILLS, with almost every article in the above line of business, can at present be had of the subscriber, and forwarded to any part of the State, from the Lexington Stone Yard, Upper street; on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
P. DOYLE.
N. B. I will attend to the putting up of work, when taken from my shop; at any place within 15 miles of the city.
Lex. June 2, 1835—22-4f

PASTURE.

(Fowler's Garden.)
In addition to my Pasture at home, I have the Race field, where I will receive horses on moderate terms. I will also water and salt them with care.
B. C. BLINCOE.
Fayette county, June 6, 1835—22-4f

LAND FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE tract of Land lying on Lake Bolivar, in Washington county, Mississippi containing about 600 acres, 175 in a complete state of cultivation. On the land is a new Dwelling house, a first rate Gin and Mill, and all necessary out houses, including stables, corn cribs, cotton houses, and negro cabins. For further particulars apply to J. B. & S. S. Fox, in Vicksburg, or to the subscriber on the premises.
B. M. HINES.
Vicksburg, Miss. May 7, 1835—20-10f.

REFORMED PRACTICE

MEDICINE.

DRS. J. B. DAY AND T. F. HARRIS,
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have formed a co-partnership, for the purpose of practicing medicine in Lexington, and the adjacent country. Their shop is on Main-Street, directly opposite Brennan's (formerly Postlethwaite's) Hotel, where they may be found at all times except when absent on professional business.
We beg leave to inform our friends and the public, that our principle and practice are essentially different from the ordinary mineral course, and also from the Thompsonian or Steaming plan. We practice according to the principles of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States, as taught at its Colleges in New York and Washington, Ohio, discarding all the preparations of mercury, antimony and other poisonous minerals so much used by physicians of the present day, and which are so deleterious to the human system; using in their stead vegetable remedies, far more powerful in removing disease, and which leave the constitution unimpaired. The experience of others, as well as our own in an extensive practice of several years, has fully proved that mineral medicines internally, are entirely unnecessary in the treatment of any disease, and we believe there are but few of those who have taken them, who will hesitate to say that they are injurious, uncertain and dangerous in their operation.
As to the Thompsonian system, we admit that it contains some good remedies, but it is entirely too limited, too heating or stimulating, and steam is too frequently and indiscriminately used.
We use no preparations of medicines which are numbered, and for which there is a patent right. Further, we believe that no man can make a good physician, without a knowledge of the anatomy of the human system, and every other branch of medical science. We presume it is generally known that Thompsonians deny the necessity of such knowledge.
Having made a candid statement of our principles, and the course we intend to pursue, we ask those afflicted with disease, to pause, and choose between remedial agents drawn from Nature's garden, powerful in removing disease, but safe in their operation—and poisonous minerals, which so often destroy the lives or future health of those who take them.
J. B. DAY.
T. F. HARRIS.
P. S. For a further knowledge of our principles, &c. we refer our friends to a medical work published by Dr. W. Beach, consisting of three large volumes, the title of which is "Beach's American Practice." It can be seen either at our shop, or at Skillman's book store, with a list of its numerous recommendations by physicians of the highest standing both in Europe and America.
J. B. DAY.
T. F. HARRIS.
Lexington, June 5, 1835.—22-3m

TEACHER WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
A Teacher who can come well recommended, will meet with a good situation by immediate application to
JNO. M. CONN,
Near Centreville, Bourbon county, Ky.
June 20, 1835—24-2f

BLANK DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

SCHOOL AT BORDENTOWN.

We congratulate the friends of the Church, at Bordentown, in the success which has crowned their laudable efforts in the cause of sound education. The Rev. SAMUEL EDWIN ARNOLD, whose advertisement will be in our next, has established a high reputation, as a teacher, during his connection, as Principal, with the Academy at Freehold. His papers, which have been submitted to us, including testimonials from Sir Howard Douglas, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, from the President and Vice-President of King's College, Windsor, and from the Trustees of the School, over which he presided in that province before his coming to New Jersey, are of the most honorable character. An intimate personal acquaintance with him gives us the highest confidence in his fidelity and success. We know of no place more desirable as a residence for children, than Bordentown; and we commend the School, under Mr. Arnold's direction, to the most liberal patronage.—*Ed. Missionary.*

BORDENTOWN ACADEMY.

THE central position of Bordentown, its singular salubrity, and its facility of access from the principal cities in the Union, have long marked it out as a most eligible location for a school of learning. For the information of those who have not visited this town, the following extract from the Right Rev. Bishop Dean's last conventional address, is here inserted:—"There is certainly no place in the whole country, better fitted for the establishment and support of schools and seminaries of learning, than Bordentown. Most beautiful for situation, proverbial for health, at the head of steamboat navigation, on the Delaware, and accessible twice in every day from New York, and from Philadelphia, the ground has but to be broken to ensure the most abundant harvest." The Reverend Mr. Arnold, A. M. of the University of Windsor, (Nova Scotia,) respectfully announces to the public, that a seminary has lately been completed for the establishment of a boarding, and day school here, which, (God willing,) will be ready for the reception of pupils on the first day of May. The building which has been procured for the purposes of the school, is situated near the bank of the Delaware, more than sixty feet above the surface of the water, surrounded by a beautiful and convenient area for gymnastic exercises, and commanding an extensive prospect of the river and surrounding country, which, in beauty, richness, and variety of scenery is not surpassed by any in America. The school rooms are large and commodious, and the dormitories, which are spacious and airy, are sufficiently numerous to contain a hundred boarders. The whole establishment is every way adapted to its destined purpose. Mr. Arnold is happy in having in a member of his own family, a lady who has been long accustomed to the domestic care of youth, and who, from her amiable character and mild disposition, is peculiarly qualified for her office, while her natural and tender fondness for children will lead her almost spontaneously to use every means to promote the health, comfort, and convenience of the pupils. The most able and accomplished teachers will be employed to instruct in the various branches of useful and ornamental knowledge; nor will the morals of the pupils fail to receive that careful attention which is due to their paramount importance,—"for what is good learning without good morals?" The system of government will be mild and parental, but sufficiently energetic to preserve perfect order and regularity. If any pupil shall be found irreclaimable by arguments of reason or moderate correction, to avoid the infliction of a severe example, notice will immediately be given to his parents of the necessity for his removal from the school. There will be two vacations in each year, the first of four weeks, commencing on the first Monday in October, the second, of the last two weeks in April. It is not deemed necessary to enter here into more minute detail of the prospective operations of the school, nor to enumerate specifically the subjects which will on different occasions and at various periods occupy the attention of teachers or pupils much less is it thought expedient to call the public attention to any peculiar talents which Mr. A. may think himself to possess for developing and cultivating the latent faculties of the youthful mind. After all that can be said, the public confidence or rejection must depend on the teacher's success. Mr. Arnold has leave to refer to the gentlemen whose names are annexed; and who, either from personal knowledge, authentic documents, or credible report from others, are qualified to give information of the result of his former experience in teaching, both in the United States and British America.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition, payable quarterly in advance, \$150.
Boarding includes board, lodging and washing.
Tuition, the ordinary branches of an English and Classical education.
Instruction in Foreign Languages, and in the branches of ornamental knowledge, at the usual prices.
Each pupil will be expected to furnish his own coat, mattress, bedding, and towels.
REFERENCES.
Right Rev. George W. Doane, D. D. Bishop of New Jersey.
Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D., Bishop of New York.
Right Rev. L. S. Ives, D. D. Bishop of North Carolina.
Rev. W. Berrien, D. D. Rector of Trinity Church, N. Y.
Rev. M. H. Henderson, Rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.
Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, Philadelphia.
General Wall, Burlington.
D. B. Ryall, Esq., Freehold N. J.
John L. McKnight, Esq.; W. W. Noicross, Esq.; Capt. McCall, Dr. Dubarry, and Capt. Shippen, Bordentown.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken Mr. THOMAS DOLAN into partnership in his Mercantile concern. The business will, in future, be conducted in the name of

LEAVY & DOLAN,

who have now on hand, and are receiving from New York and Philadelphia, a large and very general assortment of
MERCHANDISE.
of nearly every variety; which they will sell on reasonable terms.
WM. A. LEAVY.
Lexington, April, 22.—16-4f

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers are receiving their SPRING supplies of MERCHANDISE. To Country Merchants the usual inducements will be offered.
J. TILFORD & Co.
No. 49, Main street.
N. B. A LARGE supply of Ingrain and Velvet CARPETINGS, BOLTING CLOTHS, FLOWERS PAPER for Rooms and Passages, &c. &c.
J. T. & Co.
Lexington, March 28, 1835—14-6w

Some poor printer, writing under the tortures of unfortunate duns and delinquent subscribers, perpetrated the following for the amusement of his most kind patrons—we would say for their amendment, did we not know by mournful experience that delinquent subscribers are incorrigible.

"'Tis strange!—'tis most prodigious strange, That our subscribers are so carelessly grown! 'Bout paying their arrears. They cannot think That we alone, who publish to the world News from all nations, and delight to spread Useful intelligence throughout the land, Can, meanwhile, live on air! 'Tis flesh and blood That works the press, and turns the blackened sheet, Well stored and ready for their eager eyes. This flesh and blood must be recruited oft, As well as theirs, or else the press must stop. This calls for CASH. And then how many tears."

Of paper are stuck off and scattered wide, For which no length of credit will be given— If given at all—besides the type and ink; And many things required by those who print, For which our money must be answerable.
Oh! that our reader would consider this! And while they, laughing, look our paper o'er, And gather information from its page, Would pause, and this one simple question ask—"Do I not owe for one, two, three or four, Years, to the printer, who supplies me with This sheet?"—And oh that he should only add—"I will go NOW and pay him!" So should we Well pleased receive, and with light heart pursue Our useful toil; while conscience will applaud Their conduct, and give relief to the zest We may prepare. Come, then, good friend, and soon!

ABBOTSFORD.

[From Washington Irving's New Work.]
Washington Irving's First Breakfast with Scott.—On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a post chaise for the Abbey. On the way thither, I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postilion to the house with my written introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott (he had not yet been made a Baronet) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

In a little while the "lord of the castle" himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the description I had read and heard, and the likeness that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost rustic. An old green shooting coat, with a dog whistle at the button hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron grey stag hound of a most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give a courteous reception.

Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking the news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand; "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he, "you're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

I would have excused myself, on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hoot man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills, is warrant enough for a second breakfast."

I accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott, her eldest daughter Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen, Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger, Walter, a well grown stripling, and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a more morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning like a newspaper," says Scott. "It takes several days to study for an observant traveller that has a relish for auld worldly trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some affairs to attend to, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in, and he and my friend Johnny Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a good deal more than you are not called upon to believe—unless you be a true and nothing doubting antiquary. When you come back, I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. Tomorrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin well worth your seeing"—in a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was opened before me.

The general affection entertained for Scott.—These simple anecdotes may serve to show the delightful play of Scott's humors and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends; every thing about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance; the face of the humblest dependant brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word. I had occasion to observe this particularly in a visit which we paid to a quarry, whence several men were cutting stone for the new edifice; who all paused from their labor to have a "crack wi' the laird." One of them was a burgher of Selkirk, with whom Scott had some joke about the old song:

"Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk, And down with the Earl of Home." Another was precursor at the Kirk, and besides leading the psalmody on Sunday, taught the lads and lasses of the neighborhood dancing on week days, in the winter-time, when out of door labor was scarce.

Among the rest was a tall, straight old fellow, with a healthy complexion and silver hair, and a small round crowned hat. He had been about to shoulder a hod, but paused, and still looking at Scott, with a light sparkling of his blue eyes, as if waiting his turn; for the old fellow knew himself to be a favorite. Scott accosted him in an affable tone, and asked for a pinch of snuff. The old man drew forth a horn snuff-box. "Hoot man," said Scott, "that old mull, where's the bonny French one that I brought you from Paris?" "Troth, your honor," replied the old fellow, "sic a mull as that is no for week days."

On leaving the quarry, Scott informed me that when absent at Paris he had purchased several trifling articles as presents for his dependants, and among others the gray snuff box in question, which was so carefully reserved for Sundays, by the veteran. "It was not so much the value of the gift," said he, "that pleased them, as the idea that the laird should think of them when so far away."

The old man in question, I found, was a great favorite with Scott. If I recollect right, he had been a soldier in early life, and his straight erect person, his ruddy yet rugged countenance his grey hair, and an arch gleam in his blue eye, reminded me of the description of Edie Ochiltree. I find that the old fellow has since been introduced by Wilkie, in his picture of the Scott family.

Scott and his dogs.—Scott continued on, leading the way as usual, and limping up the wizzard glen, talking as he went, but as his back was towards me, I could only hear the deep, growling tones of his voice, like the low breathing of an organ, without distinguishing the words, until pausing, and turning his face towards me, I found he was reciting some scrap of border minstrelsy about Thomas the Rhymer. This was continually the case in my ramblings with him about this storied neighborhood. His mind was fraught with the traditional fictions connected with every object around him, and he would breathe it forth as he went, apparently as much for his own gratification as for that of his companion.

"Nor hill nor brook we paced along, But had its legend or its song."

His voice was deep and sonorous, and with somewhat of the Northern burr, "burr," which to my mind gave a doric strength and simplicity to his elocution. His recitation of poetry was at times magnificent.

I think it was in the course of this ramble that my friend Hamlet, the black grey hound, got into a sad scrape. The dogs were beating about the glens and fields as usual, and had been for some time out of sight, when we heard a barking at some distance to the left. Shortly after we saw some sheep scampering on the hills, with the dogs after them. Scott applied to his lips the ivory whistle always hanging at his button hole, and soon called in the culprits, excepting Hamlet. Hastening up a bank which commanded a view along a fold or hollow of the hills, we beheld the sable prince of Denmark standing by the bleeding body of a dead sheep. The carcass was still warm, the throat bore marks of the fatal grip, and Hamlet's muzzle was stained with blood. Never was culprit more completely caught in flagrante delicto. I supposed the doom of poor Hamlet to be sealed; for no higher offence could be committed by a dog in that country abounding with sheep walks. Scott, however, had a greater value for his dogs than for his sheep. They were his companions and his friends. Hamlet, too, though an irregular impertinent kind of youngster, was evidently a favorite. He would not for some time believe it could be he, who had killed the sheep. It must have been some cur of the neighborhood, that had made off on our approach, and left poor Hamlet in the lurch. Proofs however, were too strong, and Hamlet was generally condemned. "Well, well," said Scott, "it's partly my own fault. I had given up coursing for some time past,

and the poor dog has had no chance after game to take the fire edge off of him. If he was put after a hare occasionally he never would meddle with sheep."

I understood, afterwards, that Scott actually got a poney, and went out now and then coursing with Hamlet, who, in consequence, showed no further inclination for mutton.

The original of Edie Ochiltree.—A further stroll among the hills brought us to what Scott pronounced the remains of a Roman camp, and as we sat upon a hillock which had once formed a part of the ramparts, he pointed out the traces of the lines and bulwarks, and the pretorium, and showed a knowledge of castrametation, that would not have disgraced the antiquarian Oldbuck himself. Indeed, various circumstances that I observed about Scott during my visit, concurred to persuade me that many of the antiquarian humors of Monkbarre were taken from his own richly compounded character, and that some of the scenes and personages of that admirable novel were furnished by his immediate neighborhood.

He gave me several anecdotes of a noted pauper named Andrew Gemmells, or Gemmel, as it was pronounced, who had once flourished on the banks of the Galla Water, immediately opposite Abbotsford, and when he had seen, and talked and joked with when a boy; and I instantly recognised the likeness of that mirror of philosophic vagabonds and Nestor of beggars, Edie Ochiltree. I was on the point of pronouncing the name and recognizing the portrait, when I recollected the incoherence observed by Scott with respect to the novels, and checked myself; but it was one among many things that tended to convince me of his authorship.

His picture of Andrew Gemmells exactly accorded with that of Edie as to his height, carriage, and soldier-like air, as well as his arch and sarcastic humor. His home, if home he had, was at Gallashiels; but he went "daundering" about the country, along the green shaws and beside the burns, and was a kind of walking chronicle throughout the valleys of the Tweed, the Esk, and the Yarrow; carrying the gossip from house to house; commenting on the inhabitants and their concerns, and never hesitating to give them a dry rub as to any of their faults and follies.

And a shrewd beggar like Andrew Gemmells, Scott added, who could sing the Scotch airs, tell stories and traditions, and gossip away the long winter evenings, was by no means an unwelcome visitor at a lonely manse or cottage. The children would run to welcome him, and place his stool in a warm corner of the ingle nook, and the old folks would receive him as a privileged guest.

As to Andrew, he looked upon them all as a person does upon his parishioners, and considered the alms he received as much his due as the other does his tythes. I rather think, added Scott, Andrew considered himself more of a gentleman than those who toiled for a living, and that he secretly looked down upon the pains-taking peasants that fed and sheltered him.

He had derived his aristocratical notions in some degree from being admitted occasionally to a precarious sociability with some of the small country gentry, who were sometimes in want of company to help wile away the time. With these Andrew would now and then play at cards and dice, and he never lacked "stiller in pouch" to stake on a game, which he did with the perfect air of a man to whom money was a matter of very little moment, and no one could lose his money with more gentlemanlike coolness.

Among those who occasionally admitted him to this familiarity, was old John Scott of Galla, a man of family, who inhabited his paternal mansion of Teawoodlee. Some distinction of rank, however, was still kept up. The laird sat on the inside of the window, and the beggar on the outside, and they played cards on the sill.

Andrew now and then told the laird a piece of his mind very freely; especially on one occasion, when he had sold some of his paternal lands to build himself a larger house with the proceeds. The speech of honest Andrew smacks of the shrewdness of Edie Ochiltree.

"It's a varra weel—it's a varra weel, Torwoodlee," said he; "but who would ha' sold two gude estates to build a shaw's (cuckoo's) nest on the side of a hill?"

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE COFFINS.—We some time since alluded to the fact of Parker's cement having been proposed to be applied to the making of coffins. We have since had an interview with Mr. White, one of the gentlemen who obtained a patent for this novel species of manufacture. Mr. White has left a sample of the cement thus prepared, at our office, where the curious may call and see it. It is certainly another extraordinary evidence of the success and rapidity with which the inventive genius of our countrymen strikes out new paths and new discoveries in the arts, while the older nations of the earth are creeping behind us at the slow and crawling pace of the snail or sloth. The sample of cement in question is almost two thirds of an inch in thickness, solid and hard, yet light in the texture, and on the outside polished, and afterwards varnished of a dark walnut color. This glazing or varnishing, Mr. White informs us, may be as we suggested to him, in im-

mitation of mahogany, maple, rose, or any other elegant wood. The coffin, it is presumed, are to be made with the lid separate. After the body is placed in it, a thickness of cement is to be laid on the edge of the coffin, to connect the lid, leaving a small opening to be used temporarily until the air is exhausted by a receiver. This opening also being filled in, the whole is perfectly air and water tight. The interior being deprived of air, decomposition of the body and the breeding of those germs of insects which are supposed to be inherent in our flesh, cannot of course, go on, and must be suspended. We know how deeply interesting this subject is to the world, and how few are so callous as not to wish to preserve "remnants" after death "this sensible warm being," and still to gaze on its cold semblance as the silent but eloquent image of the spirit that once animated it, and which we know may be effected by exclusion from air and moisture, from the opening of the lead coffin of the unfortunate Charles IV. during the time, and in the presence of George IV. Though two centuries had elapsed from his death, the very color of the complexion, and the pleasant smile of the features were the same as in the best portrait of him taken at the time, from life, by the celebrated Vandyke. The Egyptians, deprived of convenient burial places by inundations of the Nile, and admonished by their belief in transmigration, resorted to embalment. Catcombs and pyramids were built in honor of the dead, whom they respected more than the living. The invention of which we speak far exceeds that complicated process, and we doubt not it will be entirely substituted for destructible wood, and come into general use, not only for coffins, but for all kinds of vessels and receptacles in which it is desirable to preserve the contents from dampness and the external air—thus, for records, public documents transported to a great distance over the sea, &c. It is also proper to add that, in these air-tight coffins, Mr. White proposes to insert in the lid, over the face of the corpse, a thick plate of transparent glass, while the cement is soft, and which, thus, on hardening, becomes a part of the lid. Thus, the friends and relatives of the deceased may here view, after death, at their discretion, the revered face itself on which they doated, in life, with a parent's devotion, a brother's affection or a sister's love. In fact, not only might the body be thus visited in its vault, but so far as its freedom from taint is concerned, might be kept in the residences of the living.—If buried, the graves need not be deeper than the surface.

Mr. White, and doctors, Hoyt and Dayton of Syracuse are owners of this improvement.
Mr. White is joint owner with Mr. Parker in the system of this material, and some other improvements. Those going into either branch, would find their interest therefore, in the opportunity of embracing the whole. Will not undertakers, as a matter of interest, be disposed to adopt the stone coffins at once, in preference to those of wood?—N. Y. Star.

Newspaper Editors are an abused race of beings. If a remark drops from one of them in the hurry of composition, which may not be exactly agreeable to the canons of correct taste, he never hears the last of it—it is set down as the sign of a deliberate and fixed principle in his heart, and his offence pronounced unpardonable. People should reflect upon their own conversation for a moment, and think how much they utter every day of their lives which would look a great deal worse in print than any thing they ever saw in the columns of a newspaper; it should be remembered also, that an Editor of a paper is obliged to write with as little reflection as people generally pursue a desultory conversation—he has no time allowed him to weigh his words and prune his sentences—he must dash on—think quick and write quick, or else "the press will wait." Under such circumstances, his hasty expressions should be received with charity, for not unfrequently he condemns them as sincerely and heartily as any of his readers, when it is too late to alter them.

There is a great fondness in many people to make an editor do what they shrink from themselves—a correspondent will attack private character, under pretence of serving the public, when in fact he is only gratifying his own malice, and throw all the odium of the fact upon the Editor—he (the author) must not be known. Oh, no! he'll meet the individual he has assailed with all the apparent friendship in the world, and very likely join with him in abusing the Editor for admitting into his columns so offensive a communication. Men who appear very soft and amiable under their own proper signification are frequently the most tolerant and abusive when writing anonymously; the luckless Editor is made to bear the odium of all that is bad in his correspondent's character, while the correspondent is careful to appropriate to himself all that is estimable. The truth is, Editors are too easy and good natured—they work for the public good, generous souls, and are willing to submit to any inconvenience, or injustice, if they can only promote the object of their pursuit.—*Ann.*

Anecdote.—As we were discoursing upon the hackneyed topic of the day, Phrenology, a little while since, a lady of our acquaintance, who was present, observed that she could have no patience with the science—"for," said she, "since Mr. B. (her lover) has become a convert to its principles, he will not give me credit for any qualities, unless they correspond with the shape of my head?"

Among the presents recently received at the Zoological Garden at Liverpool, we observe an American black bear, a fox, a deer, and an Indian buffalo, chiefly from captains of vessels.

A Mr. Gannet, at Paris, has invented a new mode of preserving, in a liquid, dead bodies for dissection, whereby they retain their freshness and suppleness for months after death.

LEXINGTON.
SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1835.
CANDIDATES FOR CONGRESS.
RICHARD H. HAWES, of Clarke.
CHILTON ALLAN, do
STATE SENATE.
ROGER QUARLES,
AARON K. WOOLLEY.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
THOMAS A. RUSSELL,
ROBT. WICKLIFFE, jr.
JACOB HUGHES,
ROBERT INNES.
JOHN CURD.

Dr. Corr, the newly elected President of Transylvania University, has arrived, as we are informed, to enter upon his duties as such.
From the proficiency of Dr. C. in Literature, and his known ability to preside over an institution like Transylvania once was, we sincerely hope to see her rise under his superintendence, to her former eminence in the West and the Union.

FOURTH OF JULY—1835.
We are authorized to say, that there will be a Barbecue given at Maxwell's spring, on Saturday next, 4th July, 1835, in commemoration of the 60th anniversary of the American Independence, the dinner to be prepared by Mr. G. L. Farrow.
We learn from the Observer & Reporter of the 24th inst., that there will be a Federal Salute fired on the morning of that day, and a general celebration by the various military companies of the city. Mr. P. will be glad to see all who may feel disposed after the usual exercises on such occasions, at the Spring at the accustomed hour of dining; we doubt not but that the dinner will be served up in Mr. P.'s usually tasteful style.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Recent occurrences in this city, creating much excitement, and giving rise to various rumors, induce me to present a concise narrative of the facts of the case.

On Tuesday evening last, the handbill which follows, was issued from the office of the Lexington Intelligencer:

"I was sitting in my office yesterday afternoon, when GEO. JAMES TROTTER, accompanied by several individuals, made his appearance at the door. He stood on the threshold with his right hand in his bosom, and said, 'Mr. Clarke, I wish to have a word with you.'"

I asked him to take a seat, which he refused, repeating that he wished to have a word with me. I indicated my readiness to hear him, by the common mode, 'Well, sir,' and then silently directed my attention to him. He then asked whether certain expressions in the Intelligencer were intended to allude to me; specifying particularly the terms 'fool of the Gazette,' and 'liar.'"

I told him truly that, in the articles he alluded to, I believed the term liar was not used; but that the expressions, which were used, were intended for the Gazette. He said, 'I am the editor of the paper,'—and asked me if I did not know it. I told him I did not. He said it had been pretty generally talked about town that he was the editor of the paper in the absence of Mr. Pew. I told him that at the time of writing the articles alluded to, I had not heard of it, though I had since heard it said.

He then said, 'you say that at the time of writing those articles you did not know that I was editor, and that you did not intend to apply those terms to me?'—I replied in substance, that not knowing of his connection with the paper, I could not have intended any allusion to him personally. On this, he said he was satisfied, and turning to go away, he repeated that it was entirely satisfactory, and said to one of the individuals who came with him, 'That is sufficient, is it not? I think I ought to be satisfied with that, ought I not?' What response that individual made to him, I did not distinctly and entirely understand, but it seemed an assent. Both then turned and stepped towards me again, and Trotter said, 'You say you did not intend directly or indirectly to allude to me personally in those articles? I replied 'I have already answered the question, sir.' It was about this time, or perhaps just before the last response, that the individual, who accompanied Trotter, placing himself directly by his side, said something about his being a friend; but I, not fully understanding the extent to which he was applying the term, asked him, 'What did you observe, sir?' He replied, 'I am Mr. Trotter's friend and representative.' The party soon left the office.

Some twenty or thirty minutes after this, I was sitting in my office door, when Trotter alone came from Main street. As he approached, I rose and stood upon the steps. He drew near and handed me a paper, saying that he wished me to sign it. I read it. It was a certificate that I had not intended to allude to him directly or indirectly, in the articles before mentioned. He said, 'Will you sign it?' that it was what I had stated verbally, and so it was. But I told him I did not see any occasion for it. I turned with it in my

hand, went into my office, and threw the crumpled scrap down. He followed me in, reiterating the demand that I should sign it. I then told him I did not feel disposed to sign it; and that I had several reasons why I conceived the demand uncalled for by the circumstances, and therefore, I should not sign the paper. He by this time began to assume a dictatorial air and bearing, and I then told him another reason was, I would sign no paper on compulsion, and that I never would sign it. He then attempted a course of intimidation, saying 'by God, you shall sign it,' that he did not mean to have me say one thing and then go and deny it all in my Intelligencer, as in the case of Tom Moore. And, drawing his pistol, he said that he gave me a fair warning that he would flog me the first time he met me on the street, that he would do it now, if I would come out: that I was in my own house, and so forth. I told him that I was in my own house, and he was in my house, and that he must go out of it. He said I might put him out. After he first drew and cocked his pistol, there was scarce a moment during the four or five minutes that he raved, that his cocked pistol was not pointed at and near my body. A volley of curses and imprecations, was poured out by him in one unbroken stream for about three or four minutes after I had ordered him out of the house, during which I placed that portion of the office behind the centre table, taking no further active notice of the madman, whose ravings had attracted a crowd of spectators into the office and about the door; and whose operations I believe were prevented from going to a fatal length, by the persons near him. He finished his exhibition in the house a little before four o'clock, and then left the office, with his backers, some of whom had come in while others were in the neighborhood. I have been told that he had, with him two pistols, and that a third was offered him by a by-stander. I saw but one; I had none on which I could rely for quick work.

The above is as plain a statement of the facts, as I can make. That I have cowardly enemies who are willing to put forward this madman to fight their battles, none can doubt, who observe the scenes of yesterday, and who are aware that I have never directly or indirectly, injured George James Trotter. Of this individual's character and history, it might seem to you, a waste of words to speak.—If being a participator and prominent actor in many lawless and bloody scenes, if a course of besotted, recklessly immoral and unprincipled conduct, and a general contempt for and disregard of the most vital requirements of civil society, can entitle a man to your esteem and confidence, then is this same George James Trotter eminently entitled to your favorable regard; but if these characteristics win only the detestation and abhorrence of virtuous minds, then is he only worthy of your execration.

As this is the first time that I have had occasion to write of his character and conduct, I do it plainly and distinctly. I am an order-loving and law-abiding citizen.—To this my fellow-citizens can unanimously bear testimony, if an observation of my deportment among you for the last twelve years, can furnish any indication of character. During that time I have endeavored to do my duty as a citizen; and, as the conductor of a public journal, to advance the best interests of the city and state of my adoption, without fear, favor or affection. This course has been dictated by principle, and as it has been, so it shall be adhered to while I live. I make this publication that the truth may be known in justice to my friends and to myself.

Your fellow-citizen,
JULIUS CLARKE

June 24th, 1835.

Reserving all comment on this production until after the judicial investigation which will take place this day, I proceeded to the fight upon the street.

On the day after the publication of this handbill, I walked to Main street and ordered dinner—as I had occasionally done before—at the Coffee House of Mr. Pryor. Notwithstanding I had made no threats, nor communicated to any individual any intention to assail JULIUS CLARKE, yet the 'signs of the times' clearly indicated that their fears were up, and that an attack from me was anticipated. As I stood on the pavement in front of Mr. Pryor's, in company with Mr. O'Haver, the advanced guard of the Intelligencer passed, heavily laden with arms—consisting of Mr. Mullay, the registered collector of the Observer, and Major by courtesy, of the 'bloody forty-second'—and Robert B. J. Twyman, a notorious scoundrel, vagabond, and swindler—both employed in the office of the Intelligencer. They stopped at Rankin's shop, a few doors above, when, according to the testimony of Mr. R., before the Mayor, Twyman pulled out and cocked his pistol—though, to use the language of Mr. R., 'he didn't look very savage-like.'"

Anticipating from this demonstration, the approach of great Caesar himself, who now, if ever, was about to cross the Rubicon, I kept my station on the pavement immediately in front of Mr. Pryor's. Bryant soon after turned the corner in company with Clarke.—Bryant led him very gracefully up to be shot at—and then stepped into the street. Clarke had his hand in his bosom, and I accepted the bait by advancing a step or two, both

firing about the same time. As I then advanced on Clarke, he attempted to retreat and fell over the post, gyrating most handsomely. In advancing on him I was attacked by some one at my back—since proven by various witnesses before the Mayor, to be Bryant, and knocked to the ground. Mr. O'Haver then rushed at Bryant—knocked him down with his fist (being otherwise entirely unarmed) and put it to him very scientifically. As I arose, Clarke fired at me and I at him, (as I supposed,) although many think my last pistol did not go off. Clarke again was on the retreat, but before I could consummate my advantage, the fellow Twyman, run up with a bar of iron and knocked O'Haver in the head, (who was on the top of Bryant,) disabling him entirely. Bryant then rose and again attacked me, in pursuit of Clarke, with a large hickory stick.—Mullay threw a brickbat at me, and Twyman, as I am informed, either a pistol or the short bar of iron with which he had struck O'Haver. No person remaining but myself—against Clarke, Bryant, Mullay, and Twyman, I appealed to the bystanders for a 'fair shake'—to keep Bryant off—intending only to re-engage Clarke. Thomas Redd, whom I did not recognize at the time, interfered, and at the same time Mr. David Drake attempted to pull me into the house. I distinctly avowed to Mr. Drake my intention not to yield, until I could have it out with Clarke, which he will confirm. He jerked me into the house, streaming with blood, caused by the severe wounds received on my head. In less than fifteen minutes, the brave men who had overpowered me, were snugly seated in the Court House, ready, as all cowards are, to be bound over to keep the peace!

Mr. Redd, who stepped between Bryant and myself, in his testimony before the Mayor, emphasised, as I understand, my appeal to the bystanders! It was really monstrous, that I could not fight a regiment and be brickbatted at long law; whilst the only man I wanted to fight could not be got at! Tom Redd surely can't attribute it to cowardice, because I scared HIM out of his breeches only three years ago, not forty yards from the same spot!

If Clarke, the only man with whom I was fighting, had have gotten the advantage, I would have died by inches before I would have breathed a syllable. But I had a right to demand that I have 'a fair shake,' and having that I fear nothing.

The victory was snatched from us by the dastardly attack of Twyman on O'Haver. Whilst Bryant was prostrate and Caesar on the 'put out,' the assassin blow wrested every thing from us.

After the publication of Clarke's handbill, the hands of the Intelligencer office were generally armed. You have seen that four, Bryant, Clarke, Mullay, and Twyman, were actually engaged, whilst Murray, the 'ringed, streaked and striped' vagabond of the Intelligencer, drew a pistol on Mr. George R. Young, of the Gazette, in the Court House yard, two hours afterwards! Mr. Young drew a small pistol from his pocket, and running it into Murray's mouth, commanded him to put his pistol up, which he obeyed without resistance.—says Young, 'You are a liar!'—'I know that' replied Murray! says Young, you are a rascal! 'I know that' replied Murray! Mr. Young then submitted his pistol to the examination of the bystanders, when to their great diversion, it was found to contain neither powder nor lead! This is the fellow who boasted in a grocery that he had dared me out into the back yard of the Intelligencer to fight, whilst I was 'stirring his master up with a long pole,' on Monday last!

The conduct of Bryant was cowardly and dastardly in the extreme. He knew that there was no quarrel between him and myself, and that he could approach with perfect impunity. But he availed himself of my contest with Clarke to attack me in the rear—a point proven unquestionably before the Mayor. Having gained some eclat, with the purely malignant he attempts to monopolize all the glory of the engagement—by saying, that 'Clarke proposed going round Water street, and by the stable to his dinner' and was only prevented by him! The old adage—'honor among thieves' seems to be entirely lost sight of!

Whilst I challenge the examination this evening of every hand in the office and every friend in the city, that I made any threats against Clarke in consequence of his handbill, yet no sooner did I make my appearance on Main street, than the armed legions of the Intelligencer issued forth to menace and overpower me!

In conclusion, let it be said, that if a wound or two on the head, which gives me no trouble, has gratified the vengeance or malignity of any, they are welcome. I hope, 'if needs be,' to receive many such—for they are honorable scars, and honorably received. If my life be spared a while longer, I may yet boast like the old sailor, in his country's cause—'I have lost this eye in fighting under Truxton—I got this scar before Tripoli—I broke this leg when the Guerriere struck!'

GEO. J. TROTTER.
Lexington, June 26, 1835.

*The frequent attempts of Clarke to retreat, reminds one of the reply of a Frenchman, when asked by an English officer, why the French troops could not stand a charge of bayonets.—Oh, replied the Frenchman, 'by God we are two—d ticklish!'

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from a gentleman in Ohio, from which we take the following extract:

New-Lisbon, Ohio, June 5.

DEAR SIR—Never has been satisfaction so universal, relative to the nominations of any convention, as that of Mr. Van Buren and Col. Johnson, by the late Baltimore Convention, are to the democratic citizens of Ohio. Since the result of that convention has been made known, I have travelled through the counties of Columbiana, Stark, Wayne, Richland, Huron, Sandusky and Wood, and made every inquiry in my power, as to the approval of the nomination of these distinguished individuals, and have not found a single instance of dissatisfaction expressed by a member of the democratic party, but on the contrary, the whole country rejoices at the prospect of elevating the men whose lives have been devoted to the public good. Never was a party so completely discomfited, as our opponents are—they are really chaf-fallen—they can see no method by which they can prevent the election of these individuals by the People. Their whole scheme, now, will be to bring the election to the House of Representatives in Congress, with the hope that, in the event of Congress having the power of making the President and Vice President, the Bank of the United States will be able to buy up members enough to enable them to carry their point. But when they go to figuring out the result by the People, in the different States, they fail in their hope. And no matter to what schemes and stratagems—no matter who may be their candidates, or how many or few they have—the electoral votes of Ohio are as certain to be given to VAN BUREN and JOHNSON, as any human event can be that has not already taken place."

For the Kentucky Gazette.

MR. EDITOR—Ours seems to be an age of universal improvement; every thing is improved upon and most improvements patented—can you inform us whether John Bell Davy Crockett &c, have taken out a patent for their new mode of making a people's candidate for the Presidency—John Bell, Davy Crockett, &c, request Judge White to become 'the people's candidate' for the Presidency—and the judge very gravely sends these honest worthies his name to use as they may think proper—they, kind and charitable souls, always having the good of the people at heart, announce the White judge, 'the people's candidate for President'—this is the new way for the people to make a candidate.

New meaning for old words, according to the 'wisest among the wise' that 'median blaze of prudence,' that 'full moon of discretion and chief of many counsellors,' the editor of the Nashville Republican in the word, people, is discovered to mean (in practice) John Bell, Davy Crockett, &c, at Washington city, and at Nashville, the illustrious Lord of the Nashville Republican's many shields, the sage, wise and witty W. B.—Voice of the People, according to the same mirror of purity, means, the ringing and bragging of John Bell, Davy Crockett, &c, at Washington, when they announced, to their poor 'puddle-headed, rattle-headed, wrong-headed, round-headed slaves' their constituents, and the people of the United States generally, that they who were 'purged from' all 'sensual appetites and gross desires,' had condescended to make for them, the people, a President—and the response of a few long-eared yearling editors of Tennessee—(modern voice of the people)—People's Candidate—(now means) a man who if elected would give John Bell, a cabinet appointment or a foreign mission—a man brought out by John Bell D. C., &c, according to previous contract with the enemies of his country the old Tories—(but modern patent whigs) and the Bank of the U. S. to divide the Republican party and being the Presidential election to the house, when the Bank can buy a

few more Bills and asses to wear them—for which Mr. Bell receives pay as for contract.

Whig—1835—a name assumed and worn by enemies of the country—the bluelight Federalists, and Tories—those in favor of taking the government out of the hands of the majority of the people—men in office or place who disobey the will and position institutions of their constituents.

From the Frankfort Argus.

COL. RICHARD M. JOHNSON.
Some of the opposition prints, who vilify and slander indiscriminately, deny that Col. Johnson possesses any claim to talents and intellectual ability. To these detractors of this distinguished man, we would furnish the following facts for investigation and digestion.

1st. His speech in 1811, against the old Bank of the United States. It displays a high order of talent and intellect, and shows him at once to be the statesman and speaker, the able reasoner, and the sterling democrat. Read it gentlemen Whigs, and then deny that Col. Johnson ever spoke it.

2d. His masterly speeches on the Missouri question—upon the subject of reducing the price of the public land—on the Seminole War in vindication of Gen. Jackson against his angry persecutors. On the Judiciary, its powers and usurpations, in declaring state laws unconstitutional. On Imprisonment for Debt, and others. Examine, read them all, and tell us how you can deny to Col. Johnson talents and mental powers of no common cast. Perhaps again you will deny he ever spoke them.

3d. His luminous reports, on the Seminole War; on Imprisonment for Debt; in vindication of Gen. Jackson against his slanderers, are equally powerful. And yet these men deny him talents, and some have hardihood enough to state he never wrote them. How fertile in inventions—how false in facts, these callous scribblers!

Some have said that Mr. Calhoun wrote his Sunday Mail reports. We are duly authorized to say he never saw them until they were presented in the halls of Congress, and if it is otherwise, the fact can be easily attested. Such silly shuffling and such groundless assertions are almost too contemptible to deserve a passing notice.

4th. At the age of 24, Col. Johnson was elected to Congress against popular and talented rivals, and never since that period has he been absent from the public service. At his last election he received 4500 votes out of 6000, leaving a majority of 3000 votes, over one of the most respectable and popular candidates in his district.

5th. He fought and conquered the enemies of his country with less than half their number upon the field of battle.

And notwithstanding this and all combined, some arrogant tongues, and brainless paragraphists proclaim him destitute of talents. It is true that for the last 8 or 10 years of his life he has not consumed much of his time in making long speeches in the course of debate; the multiplicity of his business would not permit it. Twenty eight years of public life and experience have greatly increased his burthens as a business man, and his hours, both by day and night, have been spent in the service of the people. For them he has labored long and usefully; and from them, and them alone, he has received support and elevation.

A Broad Joke.—The Springfield Republican says it goes for Webster as the true Democratic Whig candidate for the next Presidency. Mr. Webster a democrat!—The fellow is mad!—lb.

Gov. Wolf, of Pennsylvania, seems to have a great aversion to hanging. He has relieved Blundin, who was to have been executed last week, until the 14th of August.—lb.

The staid and sober citizens of Portland had a grand time at the launch of the Steamboat Portland, last week. There has been nothing seen there to equal it, since the entertainment given by the white whigs to their 'colored brethren,' at which the most popular toast was

Gen. . . . He had a white face, but a black heart.—lb.

A Western paper inquires, 'where are the friends of Judge McLean?' The question is easily asked than answered, although we suspect the most of them might be found by analyzing the Webster-White-whig-party. Having chattered and shaved, they will not be easily recognized.—lb.

The Editor of the Commercial Gazette, in his paper of Saturday last, says—'A friend from New York has kindly presented us with half a peck of Green Peas. They were brought to that city from Norfolk. (Who intends to throw in a Salmon?)'

A waiter of an eating establishment of this city, on reading the above, exclaimed, 'D—n him, he's always after something to eat.'—lb.

Of Col. Johnson the Tory Whigs have hitherto generally spoken in somewhat decent terms; but we must now prepare ourselves to hear his political character impugned, his military achievements denied, and his private life invaded. We went to see the signal given from the Bank, and we shall quickly have all its hirings in full cry.

Brooklyn Adv.

"A Storm in a Teapot."—A great meeting was held in Boston to nominate Daniel Webster for the Presidency. None but those (tenderly to him were invited, and strange to say, he was nominated unanimously.—Wonder that we are not told that the spirit and unanimity manifested at this meeting, insures the defeat of Van Buren.

N. Y. Pat.

POCKET-BOOK LOST.
L OST in Lexington, or between Lexington and Paris, on Thursday, the 11th instant, a Memorandum Pocket-Book, containing from 7 to 11 dollars in Ohio money, (small notes), and a number of small notes of bank, due to myself, bearing memorandums connected with the book, and on separate pieces of paper. If it is found and left at either of the Printing Offices in Lexington, or handed to myself in Maysville, the finder shall have five dollars of the money.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev J. Chalton, Mr. JAMES M. BARLOW, to Miss ELIZABETH BARLOW, daughter of Thos. H. Barlow, Esq. all of this city.

—On Sunday morning last, by the Rev. S. V. Marshall, BENJAMIN W. HIGGEE, Esq. of this city, to Miss REBECCA A. OFFUTT, daughter of Mr. Warren Offutt, of Woodford county.

DIED.—Near Springfield, Ky. on the 1st May last, Mrs. ELIZABETH COCKE, only daughter of John Pope, Esq. late Governor of Arkansas.

FURNITURE FOR SALE.

ON Wednesday, July 13, at 10 o'clock, A. M. will be sold at public auction, on the premises in second street, nearly opposite the residence of Robert Wickliffe, Esq.
A Valuable Collection of FURNITURE, Consisting of a handsome Mahogany Side-Board; Sofas, Dining, Card, Centre, Toilet and Work Tables; Bedsteads, carved and common; Book-Cases and Desks; Clothes Press, Chairs of different kinds; Carpets; Hearthrugs; Beds and Bedding all in the best condition; Staffordshire and other Ware for common use.

ALSO, a complete set of the best WHITE FRENCH CHINA, containing twelve dozen plates and other pieces in proportion; a handsome TFA and COFFEE SET of WHITE CHINA GILT EDGES, a large assortment of FRENCH CUT GLASS, several MIRRORS, one of which is of large dimensions.—(These last articles were all chosen in Paris and imported for the present proprietor's own use, and are all new.) Also two handsome Franklin Stoves; Kitchen Furniture; Brass and other Tenders; Andirons; Shovels and Tongs; and a variety of other articles.

A valuable and fine toned PIANO FORTE, Made to order in Paris, by CLUSEMANN.—Also a fashionable light BAROUCHE and pair of HARNESS, in good order built at Newark, N. J. suitable for one or two horses.

Also a few boxes of choice FRENCH WINES AND CORDIALS. Consisting of 4 boxes containing 25 bottles each Superior St. Emile vintage of 1827. 3 boxes 25 bottles each, Superior Sauterne vintage of 1825. 12 dozen Medoc Claret, vintage of 1828. 4 boxes assorted Cordials, of the noted Fabric of Marie Bizard and Roger, of Bordeaux.

The Piano, Barouche, Wines and Cordials will be put up at the same time with the Furniture, unless disposed of previously by private sale.

(By The condition of the Sale will be made known at the time it takes place.

Lex. June 27, 1835—25-1ds

4TH OF JULY, 1835.



LEXINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

YOU are hereby commanded to appear in full uniform before your Arsenal, on Saturday next, 4th of July, 1835, at 9 o'clock, A. M. precisely,—provided with twenty-four rounds blank cartridges.

By order of the Captain, NAT. SHAW, Ord. Sergt.

Lex. June 27, 1835—25-1t

TO HORSE!! TO HORSE!!



Lexington Dragoons

AT 9 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th of July, you are requested to assemble on the public square, fully equipped, to engage in the CELEBRATION of the Anniversary of American Independence.

JOHN H. PINDELL, Capt.

Lex. June 27, 1835—25-1t

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE subscribers, as associated Principals, propose opening in Lexington, on Monday, the 4th of July next, a permanent institution for the education of Young Ladies. While their primary object will be to impart a sound, thorough course of instruction, with direct reference to the judicious developments of the intellects and the cultivation of the moral character, these committed to their charge, those branches commonly styled ornamental, shall be given due attention. Believing that no course of education can be thorough or judicious, in which the Sacred Scriptures are neglected, the higher classes will have assigned them one recreation a week in the Bible. A mutual and graceful exposition of the Sacred Volume, embracing the collateral subjects, will be aimed at, without the slightest attempt to create a sectarian bias.

Having had some considerable experience in training the youthful mind, the subscribers pledge themselves to use the most unimpeachable efforts to promote the intellectual and moral culture of their pupils. One female assistant is engaged; others will be procured when needed. The Chemical, Philosophical apparatus necessary for the illustration of those sciences will be furnished. Special attention will be given to the subject of original composition, with the view of teaching the pupil to write with facility and elegance. The terms of tuition are very moderate. The School Rooms are pleasantly situated on Limestone street, on the same lot with the dwelling house of the Rev. J. F. Coons; in whose family several pupils have been accommodated with boarding, at the prices usual in the city.

REFERENCES.—For the benefit of individuals residing at a distance, references can be made to the Rev. N. H. Hall, Rev. Dr. Fishback, Rev. Mr. Lavenough, Rev. President Young, of Des Moines, Rev. Daniel Baker, of Frankfort, Dr. J. W. Scott, Dr. Wm. Fawcett, Gen. J. M. McNeill, Capt. Thomas Nelson, Matthew T. Scott, Wm. A. Leary, D. A. Sayre, Patterson Bain, James Wier, Esq. of Lexington.

TERMS.—Per quarter of twelve weeks. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.—Embracing Orthography, Punctuation, Writing, &c. \$4 00. SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—1st Class: Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Composition, &c. 6 00. 2d Class.—Natural, Mental, and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Logic, Rhetoric, Mythology, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, Evidences of Christianity, &c.—together with the Ancient Languages, if required.

JOHN F. COONS, } Principals.
GEORGE W. COONS, }

Lex. June 17, 1835—24-3w

